

## Gold and Silver Bound

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## Gold and Silver Bound

by [FrankieQuinn13](#)

### Summary

James plus Severus plus bonding rings equals trouble. Watch as Sirius fumes, Peter is confused and Remus prays that he didn't just witness what he thinks he just witnessed.

### Notes

Apologies spelling grammar and OOCness

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See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The wizard hit the stone floors hard as he was violently pushed off by the other.

James groaned as he slowly picked himself up and propped himself up on his arms as he looked up at the other wizard lying on the floor as well. The slytherin's eyes were narrowed in burning rage and his lips twisted in a vicious sneer, when the same eyes suddenly went wide and a light blush spread over his cheeks while his mouth fell open in a slight gape.

The hazel eyed wizard smirked when he realised his little trick was working and he watched as Severus' face continued to flush and his features softened, until a sudden throb of pain ached in his head making him shut his eyes and lift his hand to his head to let out a pain filled moan.

"James!"

James' eyes snapped open at the sound of Severus' alarmed voice calling his name and frowned when he felt a weight on top of him. A hand gently touched the side of his face while Snape stared at him with deep concern.

"What's wrong? Are-you alright?"

The gryffindor blinked several times as an odd feeling rapidly started rising up in his chest spreading to his head and down towards his lower half, while Snape checked his temperature and pulse. He sat up a little more making the slytherin in his lap lean back, the worried look on Severus' face suddenly made James want to reassure him.

Although he had no idea why.

"Don't worry. It's O.K, I'm fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure."

And then Snape did the unbelievable.

He smiled.

A warm adoring smile, that didn't at all look like the bitter angry Snape that James was arguing with just moments earlier and he let out a deep sigh before moving forward to wrap his arms around the other's waist as he buried his head in James' chest.

"I'm glad."

James just blinked in surprise while the slytherin let out a sound that sounded like a low pur. The odd feeling started spreading even further and James stared down at the raven.

"Do you need anything?"

"What?"

Snape pulled back and stared up at James with large eyes just flooding with devotion.

"Do you need anything, is there something you want? Anything at all."

At that moment several different images of Snape started flashing in the gryffindor's mind of exactly what the slytherin could do for him, James suddenly realised what the feeling is that spread throughout his body.

For some reason, James couldn't find it in himself to care that he was having such thoughts about his mortal enemy and the raven grinned as he lifted a hand to cup the side of Snape's face.

"What if there was something I wanted, would you give it to me?"

"Yes, of course I would!" Severus blurted out before he could stop himself and his blush got a little bit darker, the raven haired slytherin then took a deep breath before quickly moving forward to place a kiss on James' jaw before pulling back. "If it's something you want then, yes. I'd do anything for you James."

"Anything?"

James asked as he leaned forward, his breath brushed against the raven's lips and his hand slipped down Snape's neck, while the boy shut his eyes and leaned further into his touch.

"Anything."

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James smirked at the wizard that sat beside him in the gryffindor common room.

Severus' head was bowed down low over the parchment in front of him, writing furiously while he occasionally glanced up at the books that lay open and scattered around the table. Raven hair brushed against the foot long page, covering the slytherin's face in a curtain of black and obscuring James' view of his newest study partner.

Which really won't do at all.

The gryffindor reached over to brush Severus' hair behind his ear and the slytherin instantly froze.

"Potter."

James propped his arm up on the table while the other kept toying with Snape's hair, twirling a strand of hair around his finger before letting it drop and repeating the action.

"Yes, Severus."

"Would you be so kind as to refrain from touching me."

Severus ground out as he slapped the gryffindor's hand away only for James to sigh dramatically as he pulled back and slumped into the table. Snape seemed to let out a soft sigh as he pulled a book on the other side of the table closer and quickly flipped through its pages, before settling on a long passage and reading through it occasionally making notes as he did.

James watched him for what couldn't have been more than twenty seconds before giving another dramatic sigh. "Are you done yet?"

Severus resisted the urge to roll his eyes as he placed the book back where he found it and going down to write on the parchment again. "No."

James frowned at the slytherin's blatant attempt at ignoring him when an idea flashed in his mind and he moved his chair closer so he was sitting right next Snape. The hazel eyed wizard reached over and started tracing long lines along Severus' back making the raven freeze.

"I'm bored." The gryffindor moved so his chin was resting on Snape's shoulder and he breathed against the other's ear. "Can't we do this stupid essay later?"

Snape turned his head so he was looking James right in the eye. The slytherin shifted in his chair and moved until his mouth was just centimetres away from the others and he bit his lip making James eyes flicker down to fix on them.

"Would you rather do it another time?" Severus whispered as he looked up into James' eyes. The gryffindor swallowed the lump that had formed in his throat and leaned closer.

"Yeah."

Snape suddenly pushed James away and stood up from his chair, "Very well then."

James blinked as he stared at the raven as he stacked his books and started rolling up the scattered pieces of parchment. "What?"

"The only reason I agreed to come in here Potter is because you said that you'd take off this ridiculous thing if I helped you with your essay." Snape explained as he paused to pull at the silver band around his left ring finger carved with ancient ruins. "But since you don't want to do your essay right now. Then I'll take my leave."

Ah yes.

The ring.

Giving it to Snape was a stupid move on James' part and of course it started off as a prank.

Just a few months earlier on James' seventeenth birthday, the gryffindor captain's parents decided that it was time that he learnt all he needed to know if he was going to be a proper head of the Potter family. One of the lessons his mother had deemed fit to teach him was the value of the possessions they had in the Potter vault. There were many shiny, rusty, glittery and just plain old trinkets in the large bank like room. But what really caught James' eye was a small silver engraved ring lying on a pedestal next to a gold ring with identical carved ruins.

The Potter mother told him that they were bonding rings, however unlike most bonding rings these rings didn't work to simply bond two souls together in a crude makeshift marital ceremony. Oh no.

These rings come from a time when humans were still being used as slaves instead of elves.

The ancient rings worked on a bond of devotion and loyalty. Once worn the wearer of the silver ring would feel complete devotion to the wearer of the gold ring. The wearer of the gold ring would seem completely faultless in the eyes of the silver ring wearer.

In other words if James were for to for example put on the gold ring and give the silver ring to someone like Snape.

Severus Snape would go from hateful greasy aggressively defiant slytherin enemy, to loving doting completely compliant slave.

James had stared at the joining rings for what felt like forever wondering exactly what it would be like to have Snivellus as his own private slave.

Now how could James possibly pass up that kind of opportunity?

Unfortunately what Mrs. Potter had failed to mention was the fact that the rings once worn would fill the wearer of the gold ring with the inescapable desire to lay claim to the wearer of the silver ring in a rather...primal way. And since the wearer of the silver ring was filled with nothing but compliant devotion, they would be more than willing to allow themselves to be claimed.

Which is how James found himself in a heated position during his last detention with Severus in the transfiguration class room. McGonagall had left for some other reason, James gave Severus a cleverly laid out taunt, they argued and fought, and eventually the gryffindor managed to force the silver band on Snape's finger. It took less than four seconds for the rings to work their magic and one hour later James found himself taking advantage of Snape in ways he never thought or knew were physically possible.

Another little detail that James' mother had failed to mention, was the fact that the wearer of the silver ring would lose their devotion and loyalty once claimed, although they would still do as they

were asked it would no longer be a willing act.

Bad news for James, since the gryffindor had somehow acquired an insatiable taste for the raven haired slytherin, but he'd never force anyone to do something like that. So he was forced to endure countless hours of sexually frustrated insanity, without his Severus fix.

And unfortunately Severus realised the kind of effect he had on the gryffindor and he definitely made sure to use it to his advantage. So James had to resort to slightly more devious ways to get under Snape's skin.

Hence the continuous promises of ring removal if Severus helps him with some pointless little school assignments that James really didn't need any help with. But it was necessary.

"But you can't leave."

"Why not?" Snape growled as glanced at James from the corner of his eye.

"Be-cause..." The hazel eyed wizard thought for a moment until it suddenly hit him. "Because I command you to stay!"

The silver band on the slytherin's hand began to glow and Severus froze.

"Bastard."

Potter smirked, "Language, love."

"Don't call me that!" Snape snapped before he let out a heavy sigh and he turned to face the other. "Why do you insist on torturing me with your presence?"

"I'm not trying to torture you... At the moment."

"Then why won't you take this insufferable thing off of me." Severus growled as he folded his arms over his chest. "I'm sure you could find some other pathetic idiotic little girl who would willingly be your slave."

"But I don't want some other pathetic idiotic little girl who would willingly be my slave." James whined as he slumped back in his chair making Severus resist the urge to roll his eyes. "I want that lovestruck, sickeningly affectionate little slytherin minx that let me shag him silly several times two weeks ago."

Snape instantly flushed, but somehow still managed a glare. "You can't have him."

"Why not?"

"Because I hate you."

"O.K, other than that." James said dismissively.

"Because you hate me."

"I don't hate you...anymore." Snape' eye twitched and growled under his breath when Potter spoke again.

"Alright, how about I make you a deal."

Severus stared at the hazel eyed wizard for a few moments trying to ignore the shiver that went

down his spine as those brown eyes raked over him. "Well? Get on with it."

"Do me a favour first. Just one favour and that's it." James smirked, "I'll take the ring off, we'll never speak of this again and we'll both go back to hating each other."

Snape paused and considered the gryffindor for a moment until his eyes narrowed in suspicion and he took a deep breath. "What kind of favour?"

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Sirius paused as he stared at the only occupant of the common room.

James was sitting at a table in the corner of the room.

There were rolls of parchment, quills and stacks of potions books scattered on the table.

Sure James Potter wasn't exactly the studious type, but that's not what had Sirius, Peter and Remus staring in confusion.

The raven haired gryffindor sat with both hands flat against the table top, his chair pulled away from the table as he sat at on the edge of his seat. James wasn't wearing his robes, the buttons on his shirt were undone and his tie was on a chair on the other side of the table. The wizards mouth hung open as he let out panting breaths while his eyes were clamped shut and his glasses sat crookedly at the end of his nose.

"James?" Sirius asked as he took a step forward and frowned in confusion.

James' eyes snapped open and he stared at his friends before giving a laugh, "Hey."

"You alright there mate?"

"Yeah, o-ofcourse I am. Why wouldn't I be?"

"Prongs you look like you've been running a marathon." Remus said as he stepped forward as well and James gave another laugh that hitched halfway through as if something surprised him.

"No... I-I've just been... You know."

Peter frowned, "Know what?"

"I-" the raven suddenly fell back onto his chair and his back arched as he let out a loud moan, the marauders all stepped forward but James stopped them short as he frantically waved his hands.

"STAY BACK!"

Remus, Sirius and Peter all froze but it was short lived as the animagus immediately moved towards his best friend. "What's going on?"

James straightened his seat but kept his eyes shut as his face pulled into a tight expression. The wizard looked like he was in unbearable pain.

"Pad... Foot don't, I-ah I went to madam Pomfrey after po-oh-tions and she said that that illixer you spattered over everyone had some kind of-" James gave three short gasps, before he pulled himself together but spoke in an abnormally deep dark pitch. "Weird effect on me so she gave me something, but it won't ware off till later."

"Shit!" Sirius cursed as he raked a hand through his hair. "I'm so sorry mate."

"It's alright, uhm- it was an accident." James roughly pushed his glasses back up the bridge of his nose. "Pom-Pomfrey said I just have to wait till it wears off."

"Are you sure James?" the werewolf asked with deep concern only for the hazel eyed wizard to nod his head furiously.

"I'm fine Moony," James said with a tight smile, before looking back at Sirius. "How'd it go with Slughorn?"

At that the animagus gave a heavy sigh and walked over to flop onto the couch in front of the fireplace. "I got detention."

Remus walked over to sit on the chair opposite to James when the raven suddenly gave a shout.

"Don't!" James gave a nervous laugh at the confused look on Lupin's face. "The potion she gave me was vapourised, you might still inhale it."

"Okay." Remus said as he sat on the armrest beside Peter and Sirius, although his eyes still narrowed in suspicion.

Something isn't right.

The werewolf was picking up a very strange scent in the air, but seeing as how the full moon was more than a week ago he couldn't quite figure out what that scent was.

"Severus!"

The marauders all turned to stare at James as the wizard sat panting in his chair, "I mean. What- what happened with Snape, he switched the cauldron's did he get detention?"

They all turned back and shrugged.

"Not so much as a point deduction." Sirius growled, "Of course Slughorn wouldn't punish his '*star pupil*'."

"It could have been worse Padfoot." Peter grinned at his friend as he gave a pout. "You could have been suspended for messing with Snape's cauldron."

"I swear the next time I get my hands on that little git-"

"Sirius, for once just leave him alone." Remus said with an exasperated sigh and Sirius looked up to find the werewolf's nose buried in a book. "Besides I told you that trick wouldn't work. Snape is way too talented in potions not to notice something off about his cauldron."

Yes, Severus Snape is very talented indeed.

The raven haired slytherin received the best potions scores in the previous year's NEWT's of all the students in his year. So much so that professor Slughorn made sure to shower his star pupil with praise, in front of the entire class room.

Sirius, not willing to allow his mortal enemy so much as the slightest victory, decided to put the raven haired boy in his place by putting a subtle little hex on his cauldron just before they started on their newest assignment.

Unfortunately the animagus made the horrible mistake of underestimating Severus Snape. Snape switched their cauldrons, ultimately leading to Sirius' potion exploding in a colourful and slimy display and the gryffindor receiving detention so he could clean up the mess that coated the dungeon class room's walls and floor.

"Sooo fucking talented." James let out a deep moan and the marauders all frowned but said nothing. The potion Pomfrey gave him must be strong.

"But I can't just sit here and do nothing, Remus!" Sirius whined as he sat up straight, "I'll look like a complete fool if I don't get some kind of revenge on him, isn't that right James?"

"Huh?" James asked as his hazy eyes glanced over the three while a bead of sweat streamed down his face and he let out a long drawn out moan.

"Snivellus James, we have to get back at him right?" Sirius said frowning a bit at the end as he watched his friend writhe in his seat.

"Right yeah, of course get Snive-Ah... Get Snape. Get Snape back, ab-absolutely."

The marauders all frowned as James roughly pushed his glasses back up the bridge of his nose before falling back into his chair and letting out another deep moan.

"Wha-uhm..." Peter paused for a moment so he could tare his eyes away from James and looked up at Sirius who seemed to be staring at his best friend with concern. "What are you planning to do to him?"

The animagus brought his attention down to Wormtail and bit his lip in thought while James' panting breath's echoed in the common room, before throwing his hands up in frustration and falling back into the couch with a hard thud.

"I don't know what to do! Everything I think of either isn't good enough, or it's too difficult to pull off."

"Or you could get us all expelled for trying it." Remus said as he glanced at James before turning the page in his book and letting his eyes run across the words on the pages.

"Like that'll ever happen." Sirius said with a dismissive wave of his hand, looking up at the ceiling with a frown. "There has to be something we can do. Something that will put Snivelly back in his place."

"Padfoot, why don't you just leave Snape alone?" Remus asked in exasperation as he glanced up at his friend. "You know very well that no good will come from this."

Sirius ignored his friends lecture completely as his lips pursed together in thought, "Maybe we could hex him into hanging upside down over the lake-... No, McGonagall will kill us if he falls and ends up getting killed by the lake squib, maybe-"

"Maybe you could let it go." Remus said as he looked back at his book only to be ignored again.

"Maybe we could leave him in the Ravenclaw girls bathrooms and-"

"No." James suddenly breathed in a hoarse voice and his flushed face twisted into a look of what the marauders had decided was great pain as he bit his lip as his back arched off the chair.

"Find a way into the slytherin dungeons and make sure no one but Snape is in there,"



"We could make a distraction in the common room, draw everyone downstairs!" Sirius chimed as he sat up, instantly filling in the extra details to his best friend's schemes like he always does.

"Yeah," James grinned maliciously as his eyelids slid shut and his hands clenched tightly on the armrests of his chair, knuckles slowly turning white, "Then tie him up and take him to the room of requirement."

"We'll use the cloak so no one see's us." Sirius grinned as he practically started to bounce in his seat with excitement wondering where James' master plan was going. While Remus just stared at James with confusion.

Was it his imagination or was James subtly moving his hips upwards? Because from where he was sitting it practically looked like the quidditch captain was humping air.

And what the hell is that damn smell that keeps getting stronger.

"And when the room appears, take him inside, tie him to the bed and fuck him over and over again until he can't even fucking stand."

"Yeah!" Sirius cheered when he suddenly caught up with exactly what James said and he screeched, "Wait WHAT?!"

The marauders all looked up simultaneously at their friend to see his chest moving rapidly as he panted in his chair.

"James are you sure you're alright?" Peter asked after a few moments of silence from the three and the raven roughly raked a hand through his now sweat slicked hair as his un-focused eyes glanced at them through skew glasses.

"Yeah, why-uhm-why wouldn't I be?" The gryffindor's voice had dropped an octave and the three just stared back at him.

"Prongs," Sirius started making sure that he spoke clearly, "You just suggested that we bugger Snape."

"I hmmm... What?" James groaned and bit his bottom lip, reaching forward with his right hand to grasp at the edge of the table, "Yes, faster."

Peter's face twisted into confusion, "What?"

"Mate, I think you should go lie down." Sirius said with obvious concern as he sat up a little more, "Or at least go back to Pomfrey, I don't think this is normal."

Remus shut his book and watched as James' breath quickened even more when the gryffindor suddenly tensed and screamed.

"SEVERUS!"

"Bloody hell, I think he's lost it." Sirius said quietly as they watched their friend fall back into his chair and his breathing slowly started to even out. Remus' head gave a slight tilt as he tried to put all the clues together, including that odd scent that had practically drenched the common room by now when an incredibly disturbing thought crossed his mind and the werewolf felt himself flush.

"Oh don't tell me you're sick now too Moony!" Sirius suddenly said in exasperation and Remus quickly ducked his head as he tried to rid his mind of those deeply disturbing thoughts.

"No, no. I'm fine."

"James are you alright?" Peter asked and the others looked up to find the hazel eyed wizard staring up lazily at the ceiling looking completely boneless, with a stupid grin on his face.

"I'm fucking fantastic." James practically purred and his friends frowned at him when Sirius looked up at the clock on the wall before giving a sigh.

"Great, we've got Herbology in twenty minutes." Sirius looked back at James who hadn't so much as moved an inch, "Should we cover for you, tell Sprout you're not feeling well?"

James' head snapped up at him, eyes seeming to suddenly clear as he stared at his friend like he just realised that they were in the room. The raven carefully sat up but stayed leaning against his chair as he fixed his glasses and cleared his throat.

"No, I'm feeling much better now." The hazel eyed wizard explained in a much more composed voice than before, "I'll be down in a few minutes, I just think I'll need to take a shower first."

"Are you sure James?" Remus asked silently praying that he hadn't just witnessed what he thinks he did.

"Yeah, Moony I'm fine. Just tell Sprout I might be a few minutes late is all."

"Alright then." Peter shrugged as he and Sirius got off the couch and grabbed their books while Remus gave James one more look before walking out after them.

"See you in class Prongs."

"See you Padfoot."

James heard the portrait open just before three pairs of feet left the room and it shut all over again. The gryffindor gave a heavy sigh as he raked a hand through his sweat soaked hair before slumping back into his chair and staring down at the empty space of his lap when he reached out in front of him and pulled causing light to shimmer and move slightly before a cloak opened before him.

Underneath it lay Severus Snape with his back slumped onto the table, cheeks flushed and red. The slytherin's eyes were an even darker pitch black than before as they stared up widely at the ceiling while he let out deep silent breaths. James frowned for a moment when he realised he couldn't hear Snape breathing even if he could clearly see it, that's when a light went off in the gryffindor's head as he reached over the table to grab his wand and said a quick counter silencing spell and the room suddenly echoed with Severus' breathing.

James gave a bright smile as he reached forward to brush Snape's hair from his face, ignoring the sticky patch of cum that had spread over the slytherin's torso and some of the invisibility cloak.

Severus' eyes flickered down towards James as his breathing evened out and he stayed silent while the hazel eyed wizard gently stroked his fingers against his cheeks until he seemed to have caught his breath and hissed.

"I am going to kill you."

James paused, "Kill me? Why would you kill me?"

Severus immediately sat up and glared at James, "You incompetent, idiotic, arrogant toe-rag! I

can't believe I actually let you shag me in front of you moronic gryffindor imbeciles!"

"Hey, hey, hey! Don't make this out to be my fault because it isn't. It's not like I planned for them to walk in on us."

"It's your fault because you insisted on carrying on while your dunderheaded friends sat there, even after they walked in on us!" Severus sneered and James was about to protest when the gryffindor suddenly paused and gave a smirk before lying back in his chair as he reached up to brush a lock of hair behind Snape's ear.

"Remind me again as to who was riding who, while my dunderheaded friends were sitting right there?"

Snape instantly flushed and James' smirk grew into a grin, "And after that could you please inform that person that they don't seem to be complaining about the fact that I'm still inside them."

Severus' blush turned into a dark red and the slytherin growled, before abruptly getting up off of James' lap and pulling his pants up as he collected his things and stuffed them in his bag all while muttering death threats under his breath and wincing every now and then.

James let out a soft moan as he slipped out of Severus and just sat there for a moment before quickly tucking himself back into his pants and walking around the table to wrap his arms around Snape's waist.

"That was amazing by the way," the gryffindor purred as he placed a kiss against the shorter boy's neck, making him freeze for just a moment. "We should definitely do this again."

"Never again." Severus ground out as he roughly pulled his bag up on top of the table and turned around to fix James in a glare.

"What?" James asked as he started to lean down and kiss Snape's bruised lips when a hand was roughly shoved right in front of his face.

"You've had your fun, now remove the ring." Severus snapped irritably and James gave a pout, staring at the ring with a mournful expression.

"But-"

"If you think you're backing out of this deal you are sorely mistaken Potter." Snape growled.

"Ring. Off. Now!"

"Alright, alright just let me ask you one more thing first." James pleaded, Severus stayed silent as he glared at the other and James took it as permission to ask.

"Did you at least enjoy it?"

Snape's eyes narrowed even more, if looks could kill James would have been stabbed over twenty times by now.

"No."

The gryffindor frowned and pursed his lips together and spoke again. "I command you to tell me the truth."

Severus wanted to gasp when his lips started moving of their own accord, "It was absolutely

fantastic, quite possibly the greatest experience of my life. I almost bit off my tongue trying not to scream your name-" The slytherin immediately slapped his hand over his mouth while his eyes went impossibly wide and a dark blush flooded his cheeks.

James gave a bright grin, "Really? Well that's brilliant, I was a little worried you know its been two weeks and you were quiet as a mouse so-"

"Potter."

"Yeah Sev?"

"If you don't remove this torture device right now, I will castrate you." Snape ground out with a hell bent glare that almost made James cower in fear. The gryffindor quickly reached out with the hand that had the gold sister ring on his finger and grabbed the silver one on Severus' hand.

"Release the bonds."

The ring instantly slipped off Snape's pale finger and the slytherin gave a sigh of relief, before turning back to his bag and slinging it over his shoulder and staring up at James.

"We will never speak of this again, agreed."

"Why speak of it when we can do it," James said as his arms went around Severus' waist and he almost gave a pout.

The slytherin looked up at James and ebony black locked onto hazel brown as he bit his lip and leaned up to whisper in his ear.

"Would you like to do it again James?"

Potter felt a shiver go down his spine as Severus said his first name and the gryffindor couldn't help but get a little hard at the feeling. "Yeah."

Severus pulled back and bit his bottom lip again staring down uncertainly before blinking up adorably at the other. "Well then..."

"Yes." James breathed as he leaned down to close the gap between them.

"I suppose..." Snape's breath was brushing up against James' face driving him mad with anticipation when the slytherin suddenly glared and spoke in a dead panned tone.

"I suppose you'll just have to find some other form of outlet for your unparalleled levels of deprivation."

James just blinked in surprise as Severus pushed him away and slung his bag over his shoulder, giving a smirk as he thought of all the fun he'll have torturing the gryffindor with that little trick while James just huffed and tried to will his arousal away. Glaring at the rings in his hand. He suddenly realised exactly how long this year was going to be.

End Notes

The End

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